Now Ieſhu bleſſe me, am I methomorphiſed?
I thinke I knowe not my ſelfe. Why what a Gods
name doth this man ſee in me, that thus he ſhootes
at my honeſtie? Well but that I knowe my owne
heart, I ſhould ſcarcely perſwade my ſelfe I were
hand. Why what an vnreaſonable woolſack is this.
He was neuer twice in my companie, and if then I
thought I gaue ſuch aſſurance with my eies, Ide pul
them out, they ſhould neuer ſee more holie daies.
Well, I ſhall truſt fat men the worſe while I liue for
his ſake. O God that I knew how to be reuenged of
him. But in good time, heeres miſtreſſe *Foord*.

Enter Miſtreſſe Foord.

Miſ.For. How now Miſtris *Page*, are you reading
Loue Letters? How do you woman?

Miſ.Pa. O woman I am I know not what:
In loue vp to the hard eares. I was neuer in ſuch a
caſe in my life.

Miſ.Ford. In loue, now in the name of God with
whom?

Miſ.Pa. With one that ſweares he loues me,
And I muſt not chooſe but do the like againe:
I prethie looke on that Letter.

Miſ.For. Ile match your letter iuſt with the like,
Line for line, word for word. Only the name
Of miſteris *Page*, and miſteris *Foord* diſagrees:
Do me the kindnes to looke vpon this.

Miſ.Pa. Why this is right my letter.
O moſt notorious villaine!
Why what a bladder of iniquitie is this?
Lets be reuenged what ſo ere we do.

Miſ.For. Reuenged, if we liue weel be reuenged.

O Lord